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The Old Clock-House at Westminster.



AN ingenious correspondent, whose antiquarian attainments qualify him for the *recherche* of such matters, has lately furnished us with a succinct "History of Clocks and Watches," and the above sketch from Hollar's print of the Clock-House at Westminster, in which was placed the first clock ever used in England.

At present we shall only proceed in his narrative as far as the descriptive illustration of the above engraving; but we shall take the earliest opportunity of resuming this very interesting contribution to our pages.

HISTORY OF CLOCKS AND WATCHES.

(For the Mirror.)

THERE were no clocks* in England in Alfred's day. He is said to have mea-

* Clock is the old German word for bell; and hence the French say *une cloche*.

sured his time by wax candles, marked with circular lines to distinguish the hours; Stowe consequently mistakes when he says that clocks were commanded to be set up in churches in the year 612. Strutt, in his "Antiquities," confesses that he had not been able to trace the invention of clocks in England.

Striking clocks, or clocks moved by wheels and weights, which strike the hour, are first mentioned by Dante, the Italian poet, who died 1321, (vide Dante, *Paradise*, c. x.) About the same period the famous clock-house opposite Westminster Hall (of which the above is a correct view) was furnished with a clock to be heard by the courts of law, out of a fine imposed on the chief justice of the King's Bench, in the 16th Edward I. 1288.

On the side of New Palace-yard, which is opposite to Westminster Hall, and in

the second pediment of the buildings from the Thames, a dial is inserted with this remarkable motto on it, "*Discite justitiam moniti*," which clearly relates to the fine imposed on Radulphus de Hingham, chief justice *temp.* Richard III. This dial, according to Speed, seems to have been placed exactly where the clock-house stood, and which continued in a ruinous state till the year 1715. Henry VI. appointed a clock-master, with a stipend, to keep this clock in order.

At page 377 of the present Number, the reader will find an emblematical engraving of *Hogarth's Masquerade Clock*, which proclaims the rapid flight of time in a more illustrative vein:—

Thereby to see the minutes how they run,
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.

TROUT-FISHING IN WEST-MORELAND.

(For the Mirror.)

EXCEPTING the rivers Eden, Emont, &c. and the lakes, the waters of West-moreland are very shallow, and in breadth seldom exceeding twelve or fourteen feet. Brooks are even so narrow as three or four feet, and in these places trout and eels are found in abundance. The larger brooks are called "*becks*," and the smaller "*sikes*." The fisherman sometimes wades the stream, and puts in his bare arm, (taking care to be as quiet as possible,) under every bank where he judges there are fish: when he feels one, he slips his fingers gently up the trout's belly, (tickling it,) and the trout then lays quietly in his hand. The fisherman now thrusts his fingers through the gills, and throws it to his companions on the grass, where the poor fish is put upon a stick. Where he finds clear water it is advisable not to wade, but to walk by the water, and lean over the banks, employing another to hold his legs. This is the simple manner in which trout are caught plentifully. Some, however, use the cruel method of *liming* the water; that is, by slaking the lime in the water till it becomes white as milk. This destroys the fish, and the poor sufferers float dead upon the surface, and are thrown out rapidly by the person who wades for them. After liming a beck, there are no trout for some time.

If the reader should ever pass through Stainmore, or near the road thither, allow me to point out to him a small brook on Mount Ida, called "*Pot-beck*," I believe on account of the many little "*tums*," as

they are named, where the water-falls pour in the rocky basins, which is a criterion for the fisher. I have heard of upwards of three hundred trout being taken here by two men in one day. I myself have caught about forty in two or three hours in the same brook. Another famous brook for Eden's fine trout is "*Cannon's-beck*," running through the town of Brough, where I have taken them very large. The finest trout are caught here; and at the end of this water, which runs into Eden, they are caught very large, together with eels much superior to any I ever saw. There are also Ogle-beck, Swindle-beck, Cotton-factory-beck, Geordy Rudd's-beck, Pattison's-beck, &c. &c. which I point out because, having long been an inhabitant of Brough, I always found them contain the finest fish.

W. H. H.

P. S. I forgot to say that eels are caught by folding a silk or cotton handkerchief across the hand, and grasping the fish suddenly, when it will adhere to the silk.

LONDON BRIDGE.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—The following is an account of the number of vehicles which passed over London Bridge on the days specified:—

On Friday, May 16th, 1828.

From the Borough to the City.

* Carts and wagons.....	2,260
+ Coaches, &c.....	826
	3,086

From the City to the Borough.

* Carts and wagons.....	2,407
+ Coaches, &c.....	897
	3,304
	3,086

Total..... 6,390

Saturday, May 17th, 1828.

From the Borough to the City.

* Carts and wagons.....	2,253
+ Coaches, &c.....	1,068
	3,321

From the City to the Borough.

* Carts and wagons.....	2,510
+ Coaches, &c.....	710
	3,220
	3,321

Total..... 6,541

* Including vans and other vehicles for merchandise, drawn by horses.

+ Including chaises, stage-coaches, and other vehicles for passengers.

This account has been taken with great care, to be laid before the Lords of the Treasury.

X.

HOPE.

(For the Mirror.)

THOU hadst a theme to write, Dear Kate,
It was on Hope, and thou didst ask,
What sweet sensations emanate?
To thee, dear maid, an easy task;
For youth is full of Hope, and tho'
Not gratified to day—again
New Hopes spontaneous flow,
And revel in the youthful brain;
With me the fairy wears disguise
When she intrudes—nor stays she long
To whisper her enchanting song
Of sweet delusive prophecies;
Yet 'tis a lovely theme, and I,
Dear maid, will venture a reply.

"But thou, oh Hope! with eyes so fair,
Let me clasp thee, dearest treasure—
Let enchantment in my ear
Whisper still the promis'd pleasure."
Thou hast rais'd my eyes to Heaven—
There my thoughts have dwelt awhile,
On the joys that Hope hath given—
On the cares that Hope beguile;
Is it parent fond, and dear,
That excites thy fervent prayer!
Lovely Hope approaches near
And dispels thy anxious care;
Is it brother—sister—friends,
Perhaps in sorrow left behind!
Smiling Hope again attends
And soothes the anguish of the mind;
Is it love pervades thy heart,
While fear disturbs thy doubting breast!
Lovely Hope will joy impart,
Lulling fear and doubt to rest;
Is it husband of thy choice,
While far from thee, his path you trace!
Now on Ocean bends his course
Towards his home and thy embrace;
Dear Hope will breathe auspicious breeze,
And safely waft him o'er the seas:
Is it mother's joy that pines,
While disguised, some lurking pain,
Her health and beauty undermines!
Watchful she sees him smile again—
The tear of joy starts in her eye,
Rousing the sweetest sympathy;
Blest Hope reanimates her soul—
Her thanks escape in accents wild,
Tumultuous beyond control—
Heaven will save my darling child. W. R.

TO A BLACKBIRD, SINGING EARLY IN SPRING.

(For the Mirror.)

SING on! sing on! thou bird! to me
Thy luscious voice doth bring
A dream of pleasantness—a dream
Of young, delicious Spring!
An Eden-dream,—for thou dost chant
To azure, cloudless skies:
Yea, heav'n is bright for thee, and earth
Delights thy golden eyes.

* Collins.

2 B 2

The zone of Love is round my heart—
Thy voice is on mine ear,—
And that was only fram'd to breathe,
Of all things soft and clear.

For love, amid fresh foliag'd trees
And radiant sun-smiles, dwells,—
In the calm skies, and stilly streams,
Of which thy music tells.

And this, perhaps, it is, which thus
Endears thy song to me;
Yet gives a thrilling touch of woe
To thy rich minstrelsy.

For whilst I list thy soft, deep tones,
My bosom swells, and I
Could weep, thou bird, to think that *thee*,
And Spring, and Love must die!

M. L. B.

DESPAIR.

(For the Mirror.)

PURE from its source the streamlet flows,
In wanton mazes through the plain;
Each blooming flower reflected glows
Beneath its wave, without a stain.

But when it laves the city walls,
The brightness, pureness, are no more;
And darkly, deeply, downward falls
The sable torrent to the shore.

Oh! thus in fairy hours of youth,
The heart beats warm without a care;
Awake alone to love and truth;
Knows no deceit, and dreads no snare.

But soon, alas! in scenes of strife,
Where all is falsehood, guile, and gloom,
Corrupted is the stream of life,
And falls despairing to the tomb.

CAMILLE.

Memorable Days.

WHITSUN ALES.

(For the Mirror.)

THESE ancient revels are much noticed by our topographical writers, from whose "accounts" we almost fancy ourselves among the "*jolly companions every one*," participating in their "mirth and merriment." Carew, in his "*History of Cornwall*," records the following account of a Cornish merriment:—

"For the church-ale, two young men of the parish are yerely chosen by their last foregoers to be wardens, who, dividing the task, make collection among the parishioners, of whatever provision it pleaseth them voluntarily to bestow. This they employ in brewing, baking, and other acates against Whitsuntide, upon which holydays the neighbours meet at the church-house, and there merrily feed on their owne victuals, each contributing some petty portion to the stock, which by many smalls groweth to a meetly great-

ness; for there is entertaigned a kind of emulation betwixt these wardens, who by his graciousness in gathering, and good husbandry in expending, can best advance the church's profit. Besides, the neighbour parishes at those times lovingly visit one another, and frankly spend theyre money together. The afternoons are consumed in such exercises as olde and yonge folke (having leysure) doe accustomedly weare out the time withall. When the feast is ended, the wardens yeeld in theyre accounts to the parishioners, and such money as exceedeth the disbursement is layd up in store, to defray any extraordinary charges arising in the parish, or imposed on them for the goode of the countrey or the prince's servyce; neither of which commonly gripe so much, but that somewhat still remaineth to cover the purse's bottom."

Old Aubrey, who seems to have been a gay old fellow, says, "There were no rates for the poor in my grandfather's days; but for Kingston-St.-Michael (no small parish) the church ale of Whitsuntide did the business." It appears that there was in every parish a church-house, to which belonged spits, crocks, &c., utensils for dressing provision; and there "the housekeepers met and were merry, and gave their charity; and the young folks (he says) met there also, and had dancing, bowling, shooting at butts, and other amusements, the ancients sitting gravely by and looking on."

Mr. Douce gives an interesting description of the manner in which the ales were conducted, (before inserted in vol. ii. of the MIRROR.)

At Eastbourn, in Sussex, there is a singular custom observed on May 22nd, and has prevailed for centuries, which is called "*Sops and Ale*," conducted in nearly the same manner as the former.

Whitsunday, it may be observed while on the subject, is so called from the *priests wearing white garments* on this day.

W. H. H.

Arcana of Science.

COMPARATIVE POPULATION OF THE ANCIENT AND MODERN WORLD.

(Concluded from page 267.)

EUROPE.

WE come now to Europe; and here, it must be confessed, appearances are much more encouraging on the side of the moderns. Sweden, Denmark, and Norway, comprehending the ancient Scandinavia, and also Russia and Poland, known in different parts by the names of Scythia,

Sarmatia, Sclavonia, &c., it is imagined, are better inhabited at present than in former times, notwithstanding all that we are told of the prodigious swarms which issued from these dreary regions, and overspread the south like flights of locusts.

The great strength of the argument on the side of the moderns, is derived confessedly from the astonishing progress which has been made, in the three last centuries, by the nations occupying the middle regions of Europe, particularly Great Britain, France, Holland, and Germany. With respect to Great Britain, I should not suppose the difference to be by any means so great as Mr. Hume supposes. Cæsar, in speaking of the maritime parts of the island, which were probably not the best peopled, says, "*Hominum est infinita multitudo, pecoris magnus numerus;*" and though such general phrases are not much to be relied on, yet, when used by so correct a writer as Cæsar, who was well acquainted with all the gradations of savage and civilized life, they are not to be neglected. On the whole, however, I should be inclined to think that the British islands may contain, at present, three times the number of people which existed at the period of the Roman invasion.

Concerning France, the balance is not near so decided, nor so easily estimated. The calculations of Appian and Diodorus, with respect to ancient Gaul, it may be said, lose all authority by their extravagance. The former of these writers says that Cæsar, in the course of his wars, killed and made prisoners not less than two millions of the inhabitants of that nation. When, however, we reflect on the murderous effects of the Roman weapons and discipline among an unwarlike people, and when we consider also the enormous waste of human life, which has recently taken place in the wars of the same country, this statement will not appear incredible. But the evidence of Cæsar himself is more circumstantial and definitive. That general having received an intimation that Belgia, one only of the three divisions of ancient Gaul, was meditating a revolt against the Roman dominion, requested from his spies an exact account of the forces which the Belgians could bring into the field. The enumeration which he receives in return makes the troops of that district amount to no less than to 348,000 men. On the extreme supposition that this calculation includes every man fit to bear arms, it would show a population of nearly two millions; a number which would not be reckoned inconsiderable for a country of that extent, even in modern Europe. I

mention this summary more particularly, because it is one of the most precise notices, on the subject of population, which is to be found in any ancient author. The same writer, in speaking of Helvetia, one of the most barren districts of ancient Gaul, says expressly that the people went to war because their country was not large enough for the number of its inhabitants: "*Pro multitudine hominum, augustas se fines habere arbitrabantur.*" The southern provinces of Gaul, according to Pliny, equalled in wealth and prosperity the states of Italy. From these indications we may justly infer, that the superiority of modern France, in comparison to its ancient state, is not so considerable as some have supposed.

In respect to Germany, the superiority is much more apparent. If the expression of Tacitus is to be literally understood, "*Terra etsi aliquanto specie differt, in universum tamen aut silvis horrida, aut paludibus fœda,*" a great part of that extensive country must have been entirely without inhabitants. A little afterwards, however, he adds, "*pecorum fecunda,*" from which it appears that it was by no means deficient in the means of subsistence. On the whole, however, the improvement of Germany is probably beyond that of any other country in the ancient world.

Throughout nearly the whole of the south of Europe, the balance, I suspect, inclines again to the other side. The Peninsula of Spain and Portugal, there is little doubt, has considerably declined from its ancient state. The valuable products of Spain, both subterraneous and agricultural, caused an immense commercial resort from all parts of the world, and the cities of Cadiz, Carthage, and others, were among the most celebrated sea-ports of ancient times. In the time of Vespasian, Pliny enumerates three hundred and sixty cities in Spain, most of which appear to have been of considerable extent. According to Strabo, a single province of that country contained two hundred cities. This is no doubt an exaggeration; but we have abundant evidence from the accounts of its intestine wars, and the resistance opposed to the Roman conquests, that the nation was every where prosperous and well peopled. Such is at present the indolence of the inhabitants, and the inefficiency of the government, that the Peninsula is the most constant and the most extensive importer of grain in Europe.

Italy, which, at first view, seems to present the greatest facilities for comparison, is that part of Europe concerning which the controversy is attended with

the greatest difficulties. The notices on this subject afforded by the Roman writers, though numerous, and given sometimes with apparent precision, are yet so perplexing and contradictory, that it is very difficult to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion. By some modern authors, ancient Rome is estimated to have contained four millions of inhabitants. Others compute its population as low as one million. Mr. Hume, on comparing the various authorities, thinks it may have contained about as many inhabitants as modern London; a calculation which appears to me, after an attentive examination, to be rather below than above the truth. Ælian enumerates eleven hundred and ninety-seven cities in Italy, but many of them were probably small towns or villages. The provincial cities, though several of them large and opulent, did not, I conceive, equal in number and size the cities of modern Italy. From every appearance, the rural population probably excelled on the contrary side. Agricultural pursuits seem to have been as fashionable among the higher classes of the ancient Romans, as they are at present in Great Britain. From the statements of Columella, as well as from the general spirit of encouragement to such pursuits, there can be no doubt that agriculture had arrived at peculiar perfection. An immense number of slaves was employed in these occupations, all of whom were nourished on a very moderate allowance of corn and vegetables only. There was little of that desolating luxury which, in modern times, appropriates so large a proportion of the earth to the production of animal food. Fish and game, as appears from the description of Horace and Juvenal, were the chief dainties of the wealthy. The middle and lower ranks, both in Italy and Greece, seem to have subsisted almost entirely on bread, vegetables, and fruit—a circumstance which, combined with the careful cultivation of the soil, will account for their extreme abundance of inhabitants. The splendid and opulent cities which commerce and manufactures have reared in modern Italy will not overbalance these considerations.

Ancient Greece comes next under our review, and nothing surely can be imagined more lamentable than the contrast between that illustrious nation and the countries now called Turkey in Europe. The great number of large cities, and the immense population contained in so small a space, would appear quite incredible, if we did not recollect the extreme simplicity of their mode of life, and that they received abundant and perpetual supplies from Asia, Africa, and Sicily. The as-

section of the Greek historians, that Athens alone contained 31,000 freemen and 400,000 slaves, seems generally admitted; but I should suppose that this calculation included some part of the surrounding district of Attica. Corinth, Sparta, Thebes, and several other cities, were esteemed not much inferior to Athens. Sybaris, which was never numbered among cities of the first class, sent out, on one occasion, if we may believe the historian, 100,000 fighting men, which, even on the supposition that every man fit to bear arms was mustered without exception, would lead us to infer that the place contained nearly 500,000 inhabitants. The city of Crotona supplied an army of almost equal magnitude. The various nations into which Greece was divided contained, in fact, each a capital city; which, even after making due allowances for the national vanity of the Greek writers, appear to have been, in most instances, populous and flourishing. The more northern countries, such as Epirus, Macedonia, and Thrace, were probably not much better inhabited than the same provinces are at present. Macedonia, it is true, gave rise to the third of the four great monarchies; but the armies with which Philip subdued Greece, and Alexander conquered Asia, were raised with difficulty, and were swelled with the auxiliaries of the subjugated Greeks.

At the present moment, with the exception of Constantinople alone, there is not a single large city in the whole of these numerous provinces. Commerce and manufactures are held in little esteem, and the useful, as well as the liberal arts, are in a state of the lowest depression. The modern improvements in agriculture, which in some places have doubled or trebled the produce of the soil, have never been able to pierce the thick gloom of Turkish ignorance and superstition. The modern Greeks, it is said, retain something of their ancient genius and vivacity, but they have sunk under a despotism which suppresses equally every motive to exertion, and every disposition to improvement.

But of all the nations of the ancient world, there is none, perhaps, which has fallen so much below its former pre-eminence as the island of Sicily. That country not only supported a population nearly equal, in all probability, to the whole of modern Turkey in Europe, but furnished large supplies of grain and provisions to Italy, Spain, and Greece. From the statement of Diogenes Laertius, the single city of Agrigentum contained not less than 800,000 people; a number not much inferior to the present inhabitants of the

whole island. Syracuse was, at one time esteemed the largest of all the Greek cities, and, at least, equal to Agrigentum. The smaller cities, towns, and villages were almost innumerable. On the other hand, the city of Palermo, the modern capital of Sicily, and almost the only town in the island of considerable size, contains little more than 100,000 inhabitants. Many districts of the country, which, in ancient times, there is reason to believe were cultivated like a garden, are now almost in a state of nature. This island alone, in its former state, is a striking proof that the modern improvements in agriculture are not, as some have supposed, essential to the production and support of an excessive population.

Such, as it appears to me, is the faint but visible outline of the comparative numbers of the human race, in the ancient and modern worlds. In this cursory survey, it is not assumed that any very near approximation to the truth can often be obtained; far less, that accurate calculation can in any instance be exhibited. Nor is this at all a matter of surprise. Even at the present day, when the science of statistics is more studied and better understood than at any former period, it is only in a very few countries of Europe that the inhabitants have been exactly numbered. In ancient times, it is well known, the subject occupied, in a very slight degree, the attention either of their legislators or philosophers. Though literature, as well as all the liberal and elegant arts, were then advanced to their point of highest perfection, the exacter sciences were, with few exceptions, very loosely and imperfectly cultivated. It is true, a census of the citizens of ancient Rome was periodically taken and regularly published; but as this was done chiefly for military purposes, it affords no sufficient data for estimating the entire population of the country. The facts and circumstances which have been enumerated, are, for the most part, sufficiently conclusive; and they are, in general, such alone as we can ever hope to obtain in our reasonings on this important subject. That Ireland, for example, is a more populous country than Livonia, is a point ascertained by unquestionable indications, though the inhabitants of these two nations have never yet been accurately numbered. On such subjects we have only to rest contented with the best evidence which can be afforded by the nature of the case.

From the evidence then, such as it is, which has just been produced, I think it is sufficiently manifest, that two, at least, of the three great quarters of the ancient

world have been materially depopulated since the Christian era. Without assenting to the extravagant speculations of Vossius, Montesquieu, and other writers of very grave authority, who have been visibly misled by their predilection for ancient times, a great decrease in the numbers of the human species is but too apparent. That vast portion of the globe, which is furnished with the most abundant resources for the enjoyment and propagation of life, where nature annually pours forth, in profusion, her double and three-fold harvests, and where myriads might be maintained with the toil of a few,—that richest and fairest part of the earth is now a comparative desert. In the whole of that immense tract which stretches from the Straits of Gibraltar, through Northern Africa to the Indus, the great seat of ancient civilization, commerce, and population, there is scarcely a single city of the first order; not a single province which is fully inhabited; not one district which is perfectly cultivated. The subjects of the Roman empire are estimated by M. Gibbon, on a very loose calculation, it must be admitted, at 120 millions. The latest and best authorities do not reckon the whole inhabitants of the Turkish dominions at more than 18 millions. Yet this monarchy comprises the largest, the most opulent, and populous districts of the empire of the Cæsars, with many countries to which the Roman sway never extended.

It is true that, in some parts of the world, an improvement even more striking than the immense deterioration has visibly taken place; but it is plain that there is nothing which approaches to compensation. In the two largest divisions of the Old World there is perhaps scarcely a single nation which has experienced any considerable increase. Northern Europe, undoubtedly, has augmented in its population to a very great degree, but it is not less evident that the nations of the South have, for the most part, declined; not perhaps in the same proportion, but yet so considerably as to afford, upon the balance, no sort of compensation for the dreadful decay of Asia and Africa. The improvements, though great, are unhappily on a small scale; the decline is not only excessive in its degree, but enormous in its extent.

[For this very interesting article we are indebted to the last Number of the *Quarterly Journal*, conducted by Mr. Brande; and something more than a single *linear* acknowledgment is due from us to that valuable work for our occasional levies on its pages. The *New Series* (of which the last is No. 5) has done more than any

similar journal to popularize science and art.]

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

TO COOK A SHOULDER OF MUTTON.

THE sheep shall, in the first place, have enjoyed the pastures of the sweet South Down of England, or the Border Cheviot hills. He shall have received his fate like Socrates, when cool, and in the evening—not in the fever of his blood, but when prepared to die. "Let it be roasted," saith the oracular *gourmand*, with as imperious and inexorable a decree as the Median or Persian fiat. Till within a half hour of the culinary consummation, let a paste of a consistence exquisitely scientific, shield the pinguid glories of the joint from the invading flame; when, having reached the semi-horai point, denude the affluent treasure to the glowing element. Let no outrageous hand attempt one solitary supplement to your incomparable joint; let no fantastic cook attempt to deluge your receiving dish with sauce; let a separate vessel, the "*laur profunda*," receive the great appendage of your onion *purée*, being nought but that one vegetable concocted in the fellowship of sympathizing cream; let the purifying beet-root, sliced in alternation with its friend, the Spanish onion, (previously parboiled,) present its gastronomic treasure to the skilful epicure—(the digestive onion obviates the difficulty of the beet;) let the choicest pickles, of the latest importation from the magazines of Mackay, Lambert, Bartovallé, Burgess, or Morel, attend to do him office; let the light performance of Léman be *unmutilated* at your hand; let your party be of three; then let your joint come frothing from the spit, its lively surface sinking into savoury composure, like the subsiding wrath of little streams, that find in some adjacent nook a haven for their foam. We leave the vegetable kingdom at the option of the amateur—in which indeed he will evince the subtlety of those refinements which compose the valuable secret of the *savoir vivre*.—We have designedly exemplified our doctrine in this, as simple a specimen of cookery, and its inseparable *consequences*, as all the homely catalogue of English *cabales* supplies—performances which, in their day, received the rapturous devotion of his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, and the memorable Mr. Quin. So great, indeed, was Quin's appreciation of the merits of the joint, on which we just observed, that he forbore,

on two occasions of approaching death, to give the secret he had long retained, of the most *piquant morceau* of his "honoured shoulder." His *gourmand* friends, who looked to the inheritance of that supreme opinion, implored in vain on the recurrence of a malady, which terminated fatally to that immortal epicure; for, warned, as he had been, by *two* recoveries, he still believed in the possibility of a *third*; and, therefore, when pressed for his disclosure, with the assurance that his fate was passed beyond the help of his physicians, he stoutly answered, that "the secret should die with him;" and, accordingly, he carried that *arcanum* to the grave, and made its comfortable possession the gladdening circumstance that beamed upon his Euthanasia.

Blackwood's Magazine.

"THE CITY OF CORK."

Sung by Odoherly.—Noctes Abrosianæ—Blackwood.

AIR.—"They may rail at this life."

THEY may rail at the city, where first I was born,
But it's there they've the whisky, and butter, and pork,
An' a *nate* little spot for to walk in each morn.
They calls it Daunt's Square, and the city is Cork!
The square has two sides, why, one east, and one west:
And convenient's the region of frolic and spree,
Where salmon, drisheens, and beef-steaks are cook'd best,
Och! *Fishamble's* the *Aiden* for you, love, and me.

If you want to behold the sublime and the beautiful,

Put your toes in your brogues, and see sweet Blarney lane,
Where the parents and *childer* is comely and duteous.

And "dry lodgin" both rider and beast entertain:

In the cellars below dines the slashin' young fellows,

What comes with the butter from distant Tralee;

While the lan'lady, chalking the score on the bellows,

Sings, Cork is an *Aiden* for you, love, and me.

Blackpool is another sweet place of that city.

Where pias, twigs, and wavers, they all grow together,

With its smart little tanyards—och, more is the pity—

To strip the poor beasts to convert them to leather!

Farther up to the east, is a place great and famous,

It is called Mallow Lane—antiquaries agree
That it holds the *Shibbeen* which once held King *Shamus*.—

Och! Cork is an *Aiden* for you, love, and me.

Then go back to Daunt's bridge, though you'll think it is *quare*,

That you can't see the bridge—faix! you ne'er saw the like

Of that bridge, nor of one-sided Buckingham square.

Nor the narrow Broadlane, that leads up to the Dyke!

Where turning his wheel sits that Saint "Holy Joe,"

And *umbrellas* are made of the best quality,
And young *vargints* sings "Colleen das croothin a mo!"—

And—Cork is an *Aiden* for you, love, and me.

When you gets to the Dyke, there's a beautiful prospect

Of a long gravel walk between two rows of trees;

On one side, with a beautiful southern aspect,
Is Blairs Castle, that trembles above in the breeze!—

Far off to the west lies the lakes of Killarney,
Which some hills intervening prevents you to see;

But you smell the sweet wind from the wild groves of Blarney—

Och! Cork is the *Aiden* for you, love, and me.

Take the road to Glanmire, the road to Blackrock, or

The sweet Boreemannah, to charm your eyes,
If you do what is *Wise* take a dram of Tom Walker,

And if you're a *Walker*, toss off Tommy *Wise*!

I give you my word that they're both lads of spirit;

But if a "*raw-chaw*" with your gums don't agree,

Benmish, Crawford, and Lane, brew some porter of merit,

Tho' *Pottess* is the nectar for you, love, and me.

Oh, long life to you, Cork, with your pepper-box steeple,

Your girls, your whisky, your curds, and sweet whey!

Your hill of Glanmire, and shops where the people

Gets decent new clothes down *beyond* the coal quay.—

Long life to sweet Fair Lane, its pipers and jigs,
And to sweet Sunday's-well, and the banks of the Lee,

Likewise to your court-house where judges in wigs

Sing, Cork is an *Aiden* for you, love, and me.

WHISKY.

SING, jovial Muse, how, from the furrow'd field,
By hands laborious till'd, arose that grain,

By Gods and men ador'd; whose vital juice,
Fermented and sublimed, in copper still

Ascending clear, (sweeter than morning dew
On Summer fields, or breath of odorous beds

Of blushing roses, pinks, or violets,) Gives life to drooping Nature, wit to fools,

To cowards courage, and, on many a nose,
Erat unadorn'd, bids mimic blossoms grow.

Whisky: ycleped, soul-fascinating draught!
Thee I invoke, whilst thy unrival'd power

I sing in lofty verse: Goddess of Stills!
Divine Malthea! O thine aid bestow.

As thou art want, when oft my drowsy pate
I scratch for verses, and my pen assault

With tooth poetic—So may'st thou never see,
Within thy Temple more, the odious face

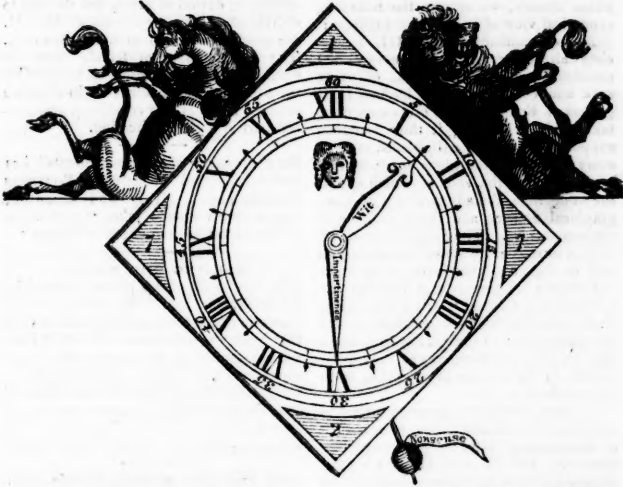
Of Gauger, or more odious far and dread,
Surveyor or Inspector, drenched more

Than midnight Goblin, whose insidious ken,
Greedy of seizures, darts from hole to hole,

Inquisitive.—But, lo! my glass is out,
And with the inspiring potion halts my song.

Ibid.

Hogarth's Masquerade Clock.



(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—One hundred years have just passed away, since that celebrated painter and engraver, WILLIAM HOGARTH, published a satirical print, called *The Masquerade Ticket*.

Having a copy of the Print, in a book entitled *Hogarth Illustrated*, by John Ireland, I send you a sketch of that part of it which relates to the Masquerade Clock, drawn by Hogarth, as an ornament on the top of his *Masquerade Ticket*; the following is a description thereof in Mr. Ireland's own words:—

"The head of the renowned Heidegger, master of the mysteries and manager in chief, is placed on the front of a large dial, fixed, lozenge-fashion, at the top of the print, and, I believe, intended to vibrate with the pendulum; the ball of which hangs beneath, and is labelled *Nonsense*. On the minute finger is written *Impertinence*, and on the hour hand *Wit*: which seems to intimate, *nonsense* every second, *impertinence* every minute, and *wit* only once an hour!—the time is half-past one—the *witching hour of night*. Seventeen hundred and twenty-seven, the date of the year this print was published, is on the corners of the clock.

"Recumbent on the upper line of the print, and resting against the sides of the

dial, the artist has placed our British lion and unicorn *renversé* (such, I think, is the term in Heraldry), lying on their backs, and each of them playing with its own tail. The lion sinister, and the unicorn dexter, the supporters of our regal arms, being thus ludicrously introduced, may, perhaps, allude to the encouragement King George the Second gave to Heidegger, who at that period might be said to 'teach kings to fiddle, and make senates dance,' who, by thus kindly superintending the pleasures of our nobles, gained an income of £5,000 a year, and, as he frequently boasted, laid out the whole in this country.

"Under the clock, Hogarth delineated the scene of a masquerade, filled with all the various groups of humorous, pleasant, and grotesque figures, usually assembled on such occasions:—

"Here tottering old age essays to prance
With feeble feet, and joins th' imperfect dance;
There, supercilious youth assumes the air
And reverend mien, which hoary ages wear.
'Tis thus, like Proteus, Folly joys to range,
Her name to vary, and her shape to change."

I have to observe, that the clock, as here drawn, is considerably larger than that engraved on the original ticket.

W. F.

Notes of a Reader.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

FROM a fasciculus of the *Paris Geographical Society*, we extract the following synoptical view of its important objects:

At its commencement in 1821, the Society already consisted of nearly 300 members, native and foreign, of every rank and condition. The highest legal powers of France, and of other countries, take pride in lending it their generous support. It solicits enlightened men of every quarter of the globe to co-operate in its labours, the ends of which are, at the same time, the advancement of Geographical Science, and the well-being of the human-race. The Society entreats all friends to science to second its labours as well by their correspondence, as by making known its proceedings through the medium of periodical works published at their respective places of residence; and to communicate to the Society such maps and unpublished narratives as may merit a place in its volumes of memoirs, or in its periodical bulletin.

In 1828, the Society proposes prizes to the amount of 18,400 francs, independent of the annual prize for the most important discovery, and the sum (10,025 francs) already collected for the encouragement of travels into the interior of Africa.

AGRICULTURE.

IN England, where one man can supply food to six, it is manifest that each one so engaged can permit five others to devote their time to his or their own gratification; he not only eats himself, but is the cause of eating in five others; so that if we call our population one-and-twenty millions, and suppose three millions and a half to be occupied in raising food, the remaining seventeen millions and a half might fiddle and dance all the year round, and yet each man have enough, so far at least as vivres only are concerned.—*Blackwood.*

A BIRD called the *emu*, frequently weighing 100 lb. is hunted by the settlers of New South Wales for the sake of its oil. Its taste, when cooked, more resembles beef than fowl.

CLASSICAL EDUCATION.

MR. THOMAS MAUDE has lately written a sensible pamphlet, entitled "An Apology for the System of Public and Classical Education," in which he illustrates the advantages of classical literature as the basis of education, with considerable effect. In these days of sines and tangents, it may become the fashion to scoff

at the ever-living languages; but we agree with Mr. Maude, "take away this chief corner-stone, and the temple of our future glories will be a slovenly, unregulated pile, devoid of grace, and devoted to oblivion." The arguments of Mr. M. are properly directed to male education. The conductresses of female education seem to have better sense than to question the utility of the classics; for in first-rate schools, Latin is now considered an essential part of a girl's education.

ONE of our "old correspondents" has lately translated Moliere's "Bourgeois Gentilhomme." It is well executed; but to quote a stale joke, "everything suffers by translation except a bishop."

WALKING THE WORLD.

WE have heard of this phrase, as used by the Irish poor, and have ever considered it as one of the most striking instances of that poetry of expression by which they are distinguished from our own lower classes. There cannot be a stronger or more brief description of that state of utter destitution and abandonment, which makes all places alike, than these four words—to walk the world.—*Lond. Mag.*

THE population of Great Britain, from data afforded by the three decennial enumerations of 1801, 1811, and 1821, may be safely taken to have increased at the rate of 200,000 in each year from 1815 to 1827, or in the period since the peace, to the amount of 2,400,000.—*Jacob's Corn Report.*

INDIAN SANCTUARY.

BISHOP HEBER, in his recently published *Journal*, gives the following interesting account of the fortress of *Chunar*:—"Colonel Robertson called for a key, and unlocking a rusty iron door, in a very rugged and ancient wall, said he would show me the most holy place in all India. Taking off his hat, he led the way into a small, square court, overshadowed by a very old peepul tree, which grew from the rock on one side, and from one of the branches of which hung a silver bell. Under it was a large slab of black marble, and opposite, on the walls, a rudely carved rose, enclosed in a triangle. No image was visible; but some Sepoys who followed us in, fell on their knees, kissed the dust in the neighbourhood of the stone, and rubbed their foreheads with it. On this stone, Colonel Alexander said, the Hindoos all believe that the Almighty is seated, personally, though invisibly, for nine hours every day, removing during the other three hours to Benares. On

this account, the Sepoys apprehended that Chunar can never be taken by an enemy, except between the hours of six and nine in the morning; and for the same reason, and in order, by this sacred neighbourhood, to be out of all danger of witchcraft, the kings of Benares, before the Mussulman conquest, had all the marriages of their family celebrated in the adjoining palace."

VOYAGE IN A BALLOON.

Now indeed I mount up, my heart beats, my hair bristles,
The sun throws its light on my sparkling balloon,
And as I move onward, oh, how the wind whistles,
How rattle the cords as I sail to the moon!
Below me are fields, cities, water, and woods;
Light and darkness distinguish the land from the floods.
A gooseberry-hush Epping Forest appears:
Ah, me!—should I fall there—away, ye vain fears;
I mark the deep ruts—like black ants are the men.
How busy they move!—But already I ken
More distinct the pale orb—Russell's map I find true,
And the Man in the Moon stands there full in my view.

Mordaunt's Imitation of the "Peace" of Aristophanes.

POPULAR LITERATURE.

NINE books out of ten (now published) are utterly worthless,—the prosings of inanity,—the miserable displays of the most miserable conceit;—reminiscences that make one curse the existence of such a faculty as memory,—travels that would induce us to regard steam-boats and practical roads as the most fatal products of civilization,—novels that would almost make us cry out upon the benefits of education, and deplore the days when neither footmen nor chambermaids could write their names, much less be manufacturers of sentiment in the boudoir, and small wit in the dining-room.—*London Mag.*

THE inhabitants of Europe have, within the period that has elapsed since the general peace, been augmented by the number of 28,000,000 or 29,000,000.—*Jacob's Corn Report.*

THE MANIAC BOY.

DOWN yon romantic dale, where hamlets few
Arrest the summer pilgrim's pensive view,—
The village wonder, and the widow's joy—
Dwells the poor, mindless, pale-faced maniac boy:
He lives and breathes, and rolls his vacant eye,
To greet the glowing fancies of the sky;
But on his cheek unmeaning shades of woe
Reveal the wither'd thoughts that sleep below!
A soulless thing, a spirit of the woods,
He loves to commune with the fields and floods:
Sometimes along the woodlands winding glade,
He starts and smiles upon his pallid shade,
Or scolds with idiot threat the roving wind,
But rebel music to the ruin'd mind!

Or on the shell-strown beach delighted strays,
Playing his fingers in the noon-tide rays;
And when the sea-waves swell their hollow roar,
He counts the billows plunging to the shore;
And oft beneath the glimmer of the moon,
He chants some wild and melancholy tune:
Till o'er his softening features seems to play
A shadowy gleam of mind's reluctant away.
Thus, like a living dream, apart from men,
From morn to eve he haunts the wood and glen:
But round him, near him, whereso'er he rove,
A guardian angel tracks him from above!
Nor harm from flood or fen shall e'er destroy
The mazy wand'rings of the maniac boy.

Montgomery's Omnipresence of the Deity.

WOMAN.

THE restraint which the customs of the world have put upon the conduct of females renders the best among them more or less hypocrites.—How hard this is!—that the ingenuous confiding qualities of woman's heart should be thus tortured and spoiled; and yet so it *must be*, while the present order of things lasts. It is true, they have looks for those who are skilled in such lore; and as the wise ones tell us, have two eyes to say yes, and but one tongue to say no.—*Hook's Cousin William.*

A resolved breast
Is as a coat of steel, 'gainst which the darts
Of fortune strike, and pierce not; cowardice
Is naked to the meanest insect's sting,
And shrinks at every breath.

Atherstone's Fall of Ninewe.

THE GREAT WESTERN CANAL

AFFORDS a continuous and uninterrupted navigation from the Hudson to Lake Erie, and communicates also, by means of a lateral branch, with Lake Ontario at Oswego. This canal is 363 miles in length; the difference of level between Lake Erie and the Hudson is 564 feet; but the canal may be considered as divided into two great but unequal sections, one deriving its waters from Lake Erie, the other from a summit level in the vicinity of Utica. Lake Erie is made use of as a principal feeder from the mouth of the canal as far as Montezuma, on Lake Cayuga, a distance of 67½ miles. The descent is 190 feet, by means of twenty-one locks. Beyond this point the canal rises 62 feet by means of seven locks to the summit level; this extends for a distance of 69 miles of level and uninterrupted navigation. The descent to the Hudson is by 53 locks, twenty of which lie within the space of a few miles in the vicinity of the Cohos, or Great Falls of the Mohawk near its junction with the Hudson. Besides the lesser aqueducts and culverts by which this canal is carried over smaller streams, it crosses the Genesee River by an aqueduct of nine arches of 50 feet span, and

the Mohawk twice by aqueducts of 748 and 1,188 feet in length respectively.

The cost of this great work, up to the time it was opened for navigation, was nearly nine millions of dollars; seven millions and a half of which were raised by a loan, for the payment of the principal and interest of which, the faith of the state was pledged, along with the receipts of several branches of revenue. These produce about ten per cent. upon the amount borrowed, and hence ensure the liquidation of the debt within a period by no means remote. Thus, then, had the tolls on the canal been barely sufficient to keep it in repair, the construction of it was entirely within the reach of the ordinary resources of the state. But at the moment of its completion the revenue derived from the tolls became so productive, as to show conclusively that the bare pledge of them would have sufficed, both to pay the interest and extinguish the debt. The income for the year 1826, the first after the navigation was opened from the river to the lake, amounted to 800,000 dollars; for the year ending 1st of January, 1828, it will not fall short of a million. Hitherto, however, the immense receipts have, in a great measure, been absorbed by the canal itself, which can hardly be said to be finished even at the present moment. In the anxiety to reap the advantages its navigation promised, the work was pressed hastily, and, perhaps, prematurely to its conclusion. Hence much was unfinished—much required alteration and repair. The expenditure, however, of the last two years has gone far towards making the canal complete, and in a very short space of time, it will be supported at an expense no greater than attends the repairs and care of other similar works. The debt will then rapidly diminish, and it may be confidently anticipated that within ten years the state of New York will possess, free from incumbrance, a source of revenue more than four times as great as the largest amount of direct and indirect tax that has ever been levied.—*Brande's Journal*.

ANTHROPOPHAGI.

SOME men have appeared with the digestive powers of a double stomach, to which the grinding properties of a gizzard seemed superadded. They may have been considered as "nati consumere fruges," and in the scale of living animals, ought to have been ranked with the cormorant or the ostrich. Of these, Marriot, the great eater of Gray's Inn, was a conspicuous instance. He increased his natural capacity for food by art, and

had as much vanity in eating to excess, as any monk ever had in starving himself. Nicholas Wood, mentioned in Fuller's *Worthies*, was another example of great prowess.

These morbid or extravagant propensities of English stomachs, lead us very naturally to believe, that their late majesties from the Sandwich Isles, might, as was reported of them, pick the bones of a good-sized pig; or that an Esquimaux may dine very daintily on a bit of a whale, a Russian on tallow, or, what is still more revolting to our notions, that African gentlemen should eat one another!

Humanity shudders at this barbarous and savage practice, and some humane physiologists have questioned the power of the stomach to digest human flesh, and doubted the existence of Anthropophagi; while others, who are *latitudinarians*, not only allow it omnivorous powers, but affirm that the stomach in some instances, has been known to eat itself! This, with the feats performed some years ago, by the stone-eater, who gave alarming indications of wishing to devour the marble Father Thames, then just put up in the square at Somerset-House, may be considered the very "ne plus ultra" of digestion.

The existence of Anthropophagi, however, is but too true; and when, for the sake of humanity, we had hoped that the practice was on the decline, we are shocked at hearing, that in a neighbouring country, symptoms of cannibalism have appeared, the lamentable result, no doubt, of the high price of provisions; for the *Journal de Perpignan* contains a detailed account of a family of cannibals being arrested so near our own home as France. But we have another melancholy proof of the existence of this propensity, in people who have not the excuse of the high price of provision, given by John Anderson, Esq. who went lately on a *Mission to the Coast of Sumatra*. He found what might be considered the fashionables of that part of the world, so vitiated in their appetites, that they could relish no other food, and that they would have swallowed the Missionary much sooner than his doctrines. The royal person who ruled over them was always afflicted with a pain in his stomach, whenever he ate any other than human flesh. A bit of an enemy was considered a treat; and whenever his majesty went to war, besides the ready "sauce piquante" of malignant feelings, he was furnished with salt and lemon-juice.

It does not, however, appear that these Anthropophagi were corpulent, any more

than the French prisoner who ate sixteen pounds of raw beef, and other great eaters of meat; whose whole history proves, that the "*cœnas sine sanguine*," of Horace, possessed more *materia pinguefaciendi*.—*Mr. Wadd.*

Biographettes for the Month.

May 1st, 1700, died,

JOHN DRYDEN.

He was born August 9th, 1631, at Aldwinkle, in Northamptonshire. He commenced his education at Westminster school, and took a Bachelor's degree at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1654. He wrote some "Heroic Stanzas" on the death of Cromwell, and was equally complimentary at the restoration to Charles II., in "*Astrea Redux*," a poem composed on the occasion. In 1661 he brought out his first play, "*The Duke of Guise*," which was succeeded by a number of others, both tragedies and comedies. In 1667 he brought out his poem "*Annus Mirabilis*," which caused him to be created poet laureate and royal historiographer. In 1681 he published "*Absalom and Achitophel*," a poem against the associates of the Duke of Monmouth. Next came out the "*Medal*," a poem equally severe on the Earl of Shaftesbury. Being always friendly to those in power, he made himself acceptable to the court of King James, by turning Roman Catholic, to vindicate which he published the ridiculous poem of the "*Hind and Panther*," so admirably burlesqued by Prior and Montague, in the "*Country Mouse and City Mouse*." At the revolution he lost his places; after which he brought out a translation of "*Virgil*," one of "*Fresnoy's Art of Painting*," his "*Ode on Alexander's Feast*," and his "*Fables in Verse*;" soon after the publication of which he died. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, where the Duke of Buckingham erected a monument to his memory.—*Biog. Brit.*

May 11th, 1812, was shot,

SPENCER PERCIVAL.

He was born in 1762, and received his education at Harrow school, and took a master's degree at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1782, and the following year became a student of Lincoln's Inn. He then practised as a barrister in the court of King's Bench, and afterwards in the Court of Chancery. In 1796 he was made king's counsel, when he attracted the notice of Mr. Pitt by a pamphlet, proving that an impeachment of the House of Commons does not abate by a

dissolution of parliament. In 1801 he was made solicitor-general, and in 1802 attorney-general, and in 1807 chancellor of the Exchequer, in which situation he displayed great political talents, particularly in the settlement of the regency, but unfortunately he fell soon afterwards by the hands of an assassin named Bellingham, who had no other motive for the commission of the atrocious deed, than a determination to murder a minister.—*Gents. Mag.*

May 24th, 1792, died,

GEORGE BRYDGES RODNEY,

A brave and noble admiral. He was born in 1717, and received his Christian names from George I. and the Duke of Chandos, who were his godfathers. He entered the navy very young, and in 1742 obtained the command of a ship. In 1749 he was appointed governor of Newfoundland. In 1759 he was made admiral of the Blue; and the same year destroyed the stores prepared at Havre de Grace for the invasion of England. In 1761 his services in the West Indies gave so much satisfaction, that he was made a baronet. In 1771 he went to Jamaica as commander-in-chief; and when his term of service had expired he retired to France, where he indignantly refused overtures made to him on the part of that government. In 1779 he was again called into active service; and in 1710 despatched the Spanish fleet off Cape St. Vincent, by which he saved Gibraltar. He again went to the West Indies, where, on the 12th of April, 1782, he gained a great victory over Count de Grasse, for which he was made a peer.—*Biog. Naval.*

May 26, 735, died,

BEDA, OR BEDE, COMMONLY CALLED VENERABLE BEDE.

He was an ancient English writer, and born at Wearmouth, in 672. He was educated in the monastery of St. Peter, and ordained Bishop of Hexham by John of Beverley. His fame for learning was so great, that Pope Sergius wished him to come to Rome, but Bede declined. The whole of his life was devoted to instructing the young monks, and in writing his ecclesiastical history and other works. His last illness was a very painful one, notwithstanding which he laboured to the last moment for the instruction and benefit of others. While lying on his deathbed he dictated to a young man a translation of the Gospel of St. John into the Saxon language. "There is now, master, but one sentence wanting," said he; upon which Bede bid him write quick; and when the scribe said, "It is now done,"

the ancient sage replied, "It is now done," and soon after expired in the act of praying on the floor of his cell. The first collection of his works was made at Paris in 1544, and there was one published by Smith in 1722.—*Biog. Brit.*

May 30, 1744, died,

ALEXANDER POPE,

The celebrated poet. He was born in Lombard-street, May 22, 1688, and his parents being both Catholics, he was consequently brought up in that religion. While at a Catholic seminary at Twyford, he wrote a lampoon on his master: he was then removed to a school near Hyde Park Corner, where he formed a play taken from Ogilby's translation of the *Iliad*, which the upper boys performed. His "Ode on Solitude" is said to have been his first performance. At the age of sixteen he wrote his "Pastorals." In 1711 he published the "Essay on Criticism." The "Messiah" was followed by his "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day." About this time he produced the "Rape of the Lock," suggested by Lord Petre's cutting off a ringlet of Mrs. Arabella Firmon's hair. His next piece was his "Epistle from Eloisa to Abelard." He afterwards published his translation of the "Iliad" by subscription, and cleared about 5,000*l.* by it. He next engaged in an edition of Shakspeare; after which he commenced a translation of the "Odyssey;" but he produced only twelve books, the rest being executed by Broome and Fenton. In 1729 appeared the "Dunciad;" and in a subsequent edition of the poem he changed the hero from Theobald to Ciber. Two years after this he took the opportunity to ridicule the Duke of Chandos, under the name of Timon, in his "Epistle to the Earl of Burlington." His "Essay on Man" was completed in 1734; and though its doctrines were more favourable to natural than revealed religion, it gained universal admiration. Warburton secured the friendship of the poet through publishing a defence of the principles of the Essay, and for which Pope left him the copyright of his works. The poet also introduced him to Allen, and thus became the means of his getting a wife, an estate, and a bishopric. In 1735 Pope produced an "Epistle on the Characters of Women;" and in another edition of it introduced Atossa, said to be intended for the Duchess of Marlborough, who paid the author 1,000*l.* to suppress it. In 1737 he printed his "Letters" by subscription. His last work was a fourth book of the "Dunciad." He died in conformity to the rites of the Roman

Catholic Church, and was buried at Twickenham.—*Johnson's Poets.*

PASCHE.

Fine Arts.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

LEVIATHAN HOBBS says, "Debt is obligation, and obligation is thralldom, and thralldom is hateful;" and as we subscribe to his opinion, we hasten to redeem the promise made in the Supplement to the *MIRROR*, published with our last.

"The Exhibition," (as it is distinctly called) at Somerset House, has now been opened nearly a month, during which it has been visited by as many scores of admiring and admired cousins as the most enthusiastic lover of Nature and Art could wish. True it is that our eyes are dazzled with the newly-painted canvasses and gilt frames which cover the walls of the Royal Academy; but they are flat and still when compared with the happy and smiling faces that float through the rooms, or form themselves into *cognoscenti* groups around the pictures of popular artists. Addison gives us a luminous article in the *Spectator* on a visit to a gallery of portraits; but even his admirable illustration of its pleasures does not include such blandishments as we are accustomed to witness among the crowds at public exhibitions. He describes his visit "when the weather set in to be very bad," by which means he withdrew himself from "uncomfortable scenes into the visionary worlds of art," where he meets with "shining landscapes, gilded triumphs, beautiful faces, and all those other objects that fill the mind with gay ideas," &c. But this visit is made in solitude: he paces the gallery alone

And with the shadowy picture feeds the mind.*

Not so at THE EXHIBITION, although it would be difficult to find any specimens

* Virgil. We once heard a friend, an enthusiastic lover of art, say that he could content himself for an hour with looking at Poussin's Picture of the Deluge, in the gallery of the Louvre, at Paris. We remember the picture with similar feelings of delight, and bad as the taste may be, we hurried past the allegorical splendour of Rubens, to return to Poussin's masterpiece.—In Paris, all public collections are open on Sundays. The Louvre is one of the finest galleries in the world, the length being 1,300 feet, and a most enchanting perspective. The lighting is, however, objected to by artists. This gallery, with the *salles* of sculpture on the ground floor, is still a grand Museum of Art, sacked and pillaged as they have been by the sons of war. The gallery of the Luxembourg was in 1816, formed into a museum for the prize productions of living artists of the French school. The pictures are in apartments, which on Sundays are crowded like the Somerset House rooms during their season.

even in this age of portrait-painting vanity which will throw into shade the loveliness and splendour of some of the President's portraits in the season of 1828. Nevertheless, the attractions of the visited, though royal and noble, occasionally yield to those of the visitors, and what with love of nature and admiration of art, the rooms are filled, in the language of the advertisements, "from Nine till Six."

A *Catalogue Raisonné* of the most distinguished pictures would occupy too large a portion of our pages, even were we disposed to continue it from number to number. This notice must therefore be almost confined to an enumeration of such productions, as by the admirers collected round them, seem entitled to popularity; although popularity does not always imply merit.

The President's (Sir T. Lawrence's) portraits of *Lady Lyndhurst, the daughter of the Rt. Hon. W. Peel, Countess Gower and her daughter, the Marchioness of Londonderry and her son, Lady Georgiana Agar Ellis and her son, and Earl Grey, Sir Astley Cooper, and the Earl of Eldon.* The portrait of *Lady Lyndhurst* is the most successful of all these: it is indeed a life-breathing picture. Those of *Earl Grey, Sir A. Cooper, and the venerable ex-Chancellor* are full of character.

6. *Guardian Cherubim.* By W. Etty.

10. A fine sun-set scene: *Pilgrims arriving in sight of Rome and St. Peter's.* By Eastlake.

25. A fine portrait of *Sir John Swinburne.* By Phillips.

59. *Doubtful Weather,* by Collins; and 86. *Taking out a Thorn:* by the same artist, have hosts of admirers. Indeed, they are pictures whose fidelity every person is more or less capable of appreciating.

69. An interesting scene from the *Novel of Bramblye House.* By C. Grant.

70. *Dido directing the equipment of the fleet, or the morning of the Carthaginian empire.* By J. M. W. Turner. One of the most splendid pictures in the room—vigorous and rich in colouring—but over-wrought.

71. An excellent portrait of *H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex.* By Phillips.

98. *May Morning.* By T. Stothard—full of the green-wood freshness of the merry month.

124. *Bowyer's Mill, Wonham, Surrey;* painted on the spot, by D. N. H. A delightful little picture for a study.

128. *Richard I. at the Battle of Ascalon, unhorsing Saladin.* By A. Cooper. A spirited embodiment of a very interest-

ing historiette; and the picture is equally attractive.

146. A portrait of the *Bishop of Bath and Wells.* By Sir W. Beechey.

193. A composition, taken from the *eleventh book of Milton's Paradise Lost.* By W. Etty, R. A. Elect. Few pictures have attracted or deserved more attention than this masterly production. The colouring is rich and *Titianic*, the grouping and figures of the

Bevy of fair women richly gay are graceful and elegant, and altogether it is a most delightful illustration of the immortal poet.

217. *Echo.* A showy picture from *Ovid.* By Arnald.

243. *The Vicar of Wakefield reconciling his wife to Olivia.* By G. S. Newton. A well-chosen scene, and very effectively treated.

250. *Sir Walter Raleigh and Elizabeth at Greenwich.* By S. Drummond. This is an illustration of the well-known anecdote of Raleigh placing his cloak for the queen to walk on.

274. *The Hop Garden.* By F. W. Witherington. A beautiful scene of one of the most interesting episodes in the poetry of Nature.

322. *The Drunkard.* By Clint. This is the first picture of an intended series. It is quite Hogarthian, and, as in Hogarth's productions, every line is a lesson.

340. *An attempt to illustrate the opening of the Sixth Seal.* By F. Danby. This is a terrific picture of divine vengeance, to illustrate a portion of the Revelations, in the New Testament. The "great earthquake—the sun-black—the moon as blood—the splitting rocks, and falling mountains"—are among the attributes of wrath—and attract more than the details of any other picture in the room. Altogether, this is a successful effort of genius.

352. *Scene in the Highlands.* By E. Landseer. The celebrity of the artist as an animal painter, will be advanced by this picture, whilst the introduced portraits of the *Duchess of Bedford, the Duke of Gordon, and Lord A. Russell,* are of high merit for their fidelity.

383. *The Rivals.* By M. W. Sharp. An attractive picture of a Sailor tripping to church with a pretty girl, to the no small mortification of his rival, a Soldier.

403. *The Upper Lake of Killarney,* and 433. *View in the Alps.* By Glover—are pictures of first-rate merit. There is a softness and repose in the productions of this artist, which, though partaking of sameness, harmonize with the character of the delightful origin of his picture.

412. *Going to the Fair.* Rippingille.

An admirable group of rustic portraits, doubtless from the life. The *foremost* old man, who has left the gossips and is pursuing his road, is of equal rank in merit. This is a picture that must please; it is like one of Miss Mitford's Country Scenes.

487. *The Dukes of Norfolk and Sussex* demanding the *Great Seal of Cardinal Wolsey*. By R. T. Bone. A well painted picture. The expression of the haughty prelate is admirably given.

In the *Antique Academy*, are some exquisite miniatures by Robertson, Freeman, Saunders, &c.; 503 and 504 are two beautiful enamels by Bone, and Essex—the former of His Majesty, when Prince of Wales, after Sir Joshua Reynolds; and the latter of the Hon. Mrs. Hope, from Sir T. Lawrence's portrait. These are gems of art.

In the *Library* are some rich designs by Mr. Soane, and the usual display of castle-building; but it is painful to see the puny structures which are daily finishing, when compared with the annual display of designs which are here exhibited to the public. The interior of the Hall of Christ's Hospital, now erecting, and the design for the New Market-place at Covent Garden, are of real interest; but elegant as may be many of the other designs and models, they have too much creative fancy for our sober selves.

In the *Model Academy*, Chantry has a fine bust of Sir W. Curtis, the only one from his chisel in the present exhibition. Some of the critics regret that Mr. C. had not a better original; but the world has never yet given Sir W. Curtis credit for half the sense he possesses: many a clever man has an intellectual face. Westmacott has a fine statue of Warren Hastings, and a lovely group of a Nymph and Zephyr, from Earl Grosvenor's Gallery. In one corner of the room we notice the model of "the Shield of Æneas," by Pitts; but we may take a future opportunity of reporting on its details.

With this hasty glance at THE EXHIBITION, our limits compel us to be content, especially in this sight-seeing season, when it is calculated, that to witness all the sights now open to the public, would occupy a fortnight, from nine till six each day. At Somerset House, there is the usual superabundance of portraits; and fine as many of them unquestionably are, we should like to see some of their places occupied by historical scenes. Nevertheless, grand efforts are making in other quarters, to divert patronage in that course, and we hope to see them prosperous.

The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKESPEARE.

A COMPARISON—WRITTEN IN 1816.

WHENE'ER a noble lord falls ill,
And needs the aid of doctors clever,
Whoe'er his proxy's place may fill,
The house goes on as well as ever.

But, when O'Neil is indispos'd,
The play stands still—the actor mute;
The tragic scene at once is clos'd—
For her there is no substitute.

The reason is, say critics fearless,
One's but a peer—the other peerless.

C. C. H.

A FRENCHMAN'S OATH FOR LOYALTY
IN PERFECTION.

BEFORE he left Paris, Ney swore to his
king,
That living or dead, he Napoleon would
bring:

So, to prove both his word and his
loyalty pure,
He brought him—alive—crying "Vive
l'Empereur."

C. C. H.

ON A RUINED HORSE RACER.

JOHN ran so long, and ran so fast,
No wonder he ran out at last;
He ran in debt; and then to pay,
He distanced all—and ran away.

WHAT IS HONOUR?

NOT to be captious, nor unjustly fight:
'Tis to confess what's wrong, and do
what's right.

PERSONS OF DISTINCTION.

OF German pride we have the following extraordinary anecdote:—A German lord left orders in his will not to be interred, but that he might be enclosed upright in a pillar, which he had ordered to be hollowed and fastened to a post in the parish, in order to prevent any peasant or slave from walking over his body.

SELF ESTEEM.

SOME Frenchmen who had landed on the coast of Guinea, found a negro prince seated under a tree, on a block of wood for his throne, and three or four negroes armed with wooden pikes, for his guards. His sable majesty anxiously inquired, "Do they talk much of me in France?"

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